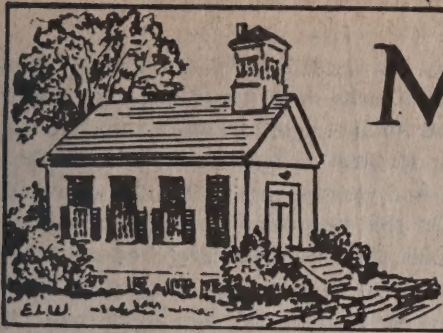
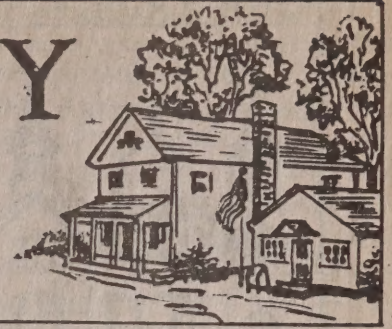




MONTEREY

NEWS

August 1986



Monterey Special Town Meeting

MONTEREY — On Saturday, July 19, 166 residents voted 119 for and 47 against a \$115,000 override of the levy limit imposed by Proposition 2 ½. The positive vote was only 8 votes over the 111 required to make a two-thirds majority.

The meeting provided an opportunity for citizens of Monterey to get a better idea of the machinations of tax assessment as well as a forum in which disgruntled taxpayers learned the whys and wherefores of the phenomenon which resident George McVey called "disproportionate taxation."

A contingent of part time residents, registered to vote elsewhere but voicing strong opinions here, questioned assessors, selectmen and finance committee members about "40 to 60 percent tax raises in recent years." Assessor Cynthia Weber answered that the 2 ½ tax cap is not on individual taxes but on the tax rate of the town. Individual property taxes go up in proportion to the value of the property itself, based on sales of adjacent lands.

As an example, Cynthia noted that "nothing on Lake Garfield has sold for less than \$100,000 recently. The most recent sale amounted to \$235,000." Taxes on lake properties have risen in the last few years, while Monterey's tax rate went from \$11.44 to \$9.88 in 1985.

Pressed for definitive answers, town officials told the assembly that the \$115,000 override would cause the '87 tax levy to be 1.13 percent of total valuation. Depending on a new valuation of properties and other variables, the significance of that to the individual will be roughly \$2 per \$1,000 of property value.

Voters followed Finance Committee recommendations on the five line items on Article I of the warrant, reducing vacation, sick and holiday pay from \$7,000 to \$0; reducing the allotment for Health Insurance from \$14,700 to \$10,000; reducing Highway capital from \$57,222 to \$32,222; increasing the appropriation for Machinery and Tools from \$16,000 to \$20,000 and reducing the appropriation for Snow and Sand from \$77,000 to \$57,000.

Article 2, seemingly in direct contradiction to the first item in Article I, sought to raise and appropriate \$10,200 for Vacation, Sick and Holiday pay. It passed without discussion. An explanation submitted later by selectmen Lipsky and treasurer Brown described the trade-off as a technicality constructed so that funds for sick pay remain in the treasury instead of being cycled back into free cash with other line budget items at the end of each fiscal year.

Article 3 transferred money (\$5,000) from Revenue Sharing funds to Highway capital. It passed unanimously. Although Article 4 generated discussion over the reduction of money allocated for guardrails from \$10,000 to \$0, it passed in a hand vote, 39 yes to 28 no.

Article 5 recommended a reduction in the amount to be held in the Stabilization Fund from \$17,500 to \$10,000. An amendment from the floor changed the reduced figure to \$0, and the article passed.

Article 6 recommended no allotment for the Jaws of Life for the Fire Department. After some discussion, it was voted down, 48-19, thereby reinstating the original appropriation of \$18,500.

Other sums reduced or omitted were: \$1,500 for office furniture for town offices reduced to \$0; \$8,500 for an audit of Town records reduced to \$2,000; \$500 for a special Conservation Fund, reduced to \$0; and \$250 for a special Legal Fund, reduced to \$0. The selectmen were authorized to transfer ownership of weed harvesting equipment to the Lake Buel Restoration/Preservation District.

Articles 12 and 13 generated considerable discussion, these being proposed amendments to Town By-Laws concerning notification of meetings. It was suggested that warrants for town meetings, annual or special, be posted 21 days ahead of the meeting. It was also suggested that any override proposal should be preceded by a 30-day waiting period for public comment and at least one public meeting on the subject. Selectman Matt Williams, Town Secretary and Treasurer Maryellen Brown and others described the intricate process of budgeting and planning for annual and special town meetings, the expense of mailing, and the last minute quality of important decisions. Finally, both articles were voted down.

The decisions made at the meeting caused the authorized expenditures to exceed the amount proposed for the override. Assessor Cynthia Weber says there will be ways to balance things out, being that figures are all relative.

It sounds like the town is back on track, purse strings tightened up and is ready at last for another fiscal year.

— Ellen Pearson



Susan McAllester



Catholic Services

Our Lady of the Hills Chapel will have mass at 7 p.m. on Saturday evenings.

Prayer Breakfast

August 5 at 7 a.m. at Rockridge. All are welcome.

MONTEREY UNITED CHURCH OF CHRIST

**NEW SCHEDULE:
JULY 20 - AUGUST 31**

**9:30 CIRCLE OF MEDITATION
MUSIC AND SHARING**

10:30 WORSHIP SERVICE

MUSICIANS:

KATE NILES

ALAN LEVINE

WELCOME

The Glorious Fourth On Lake Garfield

The Fourth of July is a good time to canoe around the lake, gladdened and colorful with its summer population and fragrant with the smell of charcoal and hamburgers as family picnics get under way. Fishermen brood over their lines in quiet coves and waterskiiers swoop by with their prodigious spray. On this particular Fourth, as dusk approached, great shoals of pink clouds stretched overhead and as the swallows gave way to bats winging over the water, two canoes appeared in the half light, and the women passengers in each observed the spirit of the holiday with patriotic songs rendered on kazoos.

The clouds suddenly went gray and Venus, the current evening star, appeared, brilliant, tremulous, almost liquid. A vapor-trail so high it was still lit by the sun pierced the gray flannel clouds in deliberate stitchery. A beaver at the east end of the lake swam urgently across the darkening water and a chorus of bullfrogs cast negative voice votes on whether anything should be changed in the Berkshires.

The fireworks began. A fountain of silver sparks suddenly towered over its reflection in the lake. Roman candles began to send up their balls of soft fire, and then up went a rocket with a whoop, a bang and a shower of stars. Fieryimps appeared in the night air whirling in eccentric circles, and multiple rockets equipped with whistles cut loose like hordes of lost souls each voicing a ghastly shriek, abruptly stilled. Through it all was the rattle of firecrackers, and now and then a real bomb echoed ponderously across the hills.

Among the flashes and sparks all down the lake were the bright winks of fireflies, keeping one guessing because they were not followed by a "pop!" In the spaces between detonations the bullfrogs kept up their impeturbable "Nooo!" and a thunder storm, a valley or two over, provided distant flashes and a diapason of muted rumbles. After an especially vivid display of man-made fire-works, a child's voice from a neighboring dock floated across the water, "Thank you!"

Tribute To A Wise Old Woman

Her soul is burning!

She smiles the warm Cheshire-grin of a woman in the place of love.

She weeps the tears of joy & gratitude that fill the empty spaces and overflow.

Wise Ol' Woman — your presence can be seen!

Your warmth and glowing smile wash over her deepening her joy, intensifying her pain —

She reveals your glowing form!

She is loving!

You have brought her to this place where she can share, and be, and heal.

Her heart sings!

Her soul burns with gratitude for your caring to awaken her place of love within.

Leigh

Celebrating Your Uniqueness

Those who see deeply into life know beyond any shadow of doubt that each person is unique. There is not a single version in all our humanity that is the same as any other. The glory of life lies in this uniqueness of each person. It is also a source of great exasperation. On the one hand, we celebrate our separateness, the distinctiveness each of us possesses. On the other hand, people become frustrated by this fact.

The pressures to abdicate this uniqueness are powerful. Dolly Parton sings of the coat of many colors. Her mother made it for her — out of scraps — because money was scarce. The ridicule she received from her classmates when she wore it to school shocked and hurt her at first. They tried to belittle her because she didn't conform to the "standard dress code." Yet as the young girl accepted, yes, and celebrated her uniqueness, she was set on a course that made her able to bring much more richness to life than if she had succumbed to the pressure and compromised her uniqueness. Her early experience with the coat of many colors set a tone for her life, teaching her not only to accept, but to embrace her uniqueness.

Intellectually, nearly everyone will agree about the uniqueness of each person. It is no sweat as an intellectual concept. The rub comes at another point. In the search for unity and accord among people, uniqueness often turns into a stumbling block. We like people who agree with us. We are more comfortable with those whose lifestyle matches our own. When it comes to the feeling side of life, we imagine it would be paradise to find no discords. So uniqueness, at first, appears as a source of discord.

There is a two-sided hazard to the healthy use of uniqueness. We shrink from "being ourselves" because some part of what we believe we are seems to displease others. This pattern typically makes this appearance most strongly during our adolescent years. How very few are the teenagers who do not feel that what they are and the things they want to do are displeasing to parents and other adults. The issue tends to become "complexed," that is, it feels as if there is a perpetual, built-in conflict between the self and others simply because of the nature of one's being. As a teenager, I may begin to reason, "What is getting me into trouble is my very nature. If I insist on being me, then the very person I am is the problem. So maybe I really have to give up being me or I will be in perpetual conflict with others."

It would be a great contribution to the healthy use of our uniqueness if we could recognize that this teenage dilemma is just that, a classical dilemma that is part and parcel of our adolescent years. Such a strong impression is made by this dilemma that many adults carry the scars of it throughout the rest of their lives. In short, they get scared out of claiming their uniqueness. Indeed, if I am convinced that my uniqueness is a source of trouble and discord and had best be abandoned, then I have learned the reverse of what my teen years were a golden opportunity to learn. How was it that I used my adolescent years to learn I don't dare be myself? Suppose I had learned instead to gain the strength to know that our world will not necessarily go haywire just because I have unique qualities that have to be cherished, developed, — yes, and celebrated?

The second major hazard to claiming our uniqueness, then, is not the fear of disapproval of others but our own fear of it, yes, and our own disapproval of ourselves. I have often wished there were some simple and direct way to help people overcome this fear. A generation ago, many parents thought they had a solution. They tried never to say "No" to their little dears so as not to drive a complex into their psyches. It goes without saying, they didn't solve it any better than did an earlier generation of over-strict parents. It is not that simple. Indeed, it is so engrained in the adolescent period, and such a classically human issue, that there is no assurance whatever that any known system of parenting will solve it for our children.

Let's face something that lies at the heart of the matter. Whether looked at from the fear and disapproval of the other, or the fear and disapproval of the self, is not the underlying suspicion that the claiming of one's uniqueness will produce something that is outlaw, unsocial and in the end, destructive of human values? This suspicion, I have come to believe, is very widespread and deep-seated. Self-doubt is a pervasive part of the human story. Have we not all stumbled a-plenty? Have we not blundered without really knowing what was happening? Have we not found ourselves sometimes at cross-purposes with society?

Well, of course, we can use our uniqueness in destructive ways! It wouldn't be much of a power if we couldn't. Any quality worth its salt can be used either destructively or constructively. What has set me wondering is why the fear of using our uniqueness in bad ways has been such a strong force in hindering the claiming and developing of our uniqueness? Why can't we at least be as impressed with the potential for doing good in the employment of our uniqueness as we are with the possibility that we will bring evil by employing it?

The truth is, all power can be used or misused. Suppose each of us came to trust our uniqueness as a source of blessing? Suppose we cherished that which is unique in us, and early in life sought its enhancement? Suppose we came to believe that both ourselves, the other, yes, and the world itself would be richer and fuller as we were more in tune with and lived out of the true inner nature of each one of us? We have abundant samples all around us of how that plays out. The Leonardo da Vincis, the Einsteins, the Mother Therasas among us are all examples of those who confronted their uniqueness, and who found it made them appear strange. Yet each one gained the strength to be who they were. Thus, they blessed themselves and the world around them.

There is no need, however, to draw our examples only from these famous persons. There are humble, almost unnoticed persons all around us who have also blessed themselves and the world by claiming their own particular gifts. A woman suffering for years from multiple sclerosis recently said that she had learned to thank God for her illness, for it had driven her to find out who she really was and had taught her to use her resources to a fuller degree than she would ever have done otherwise. May it not take anything so drastic, but whatever it takes, claim and celebrate your uniqueness.

— Virgil V. Brallier

Charcoal Making In The Berkshires

On a recent hike in Beartown State Forest, I discovered two more charcoal making sites. They are to be found most everywhere on our hilly woodland slopes. For example, the Pinnacle hillside near the fish hatchery was such an area for this old practice of "coaling", likewise along Hupi Road and up towards Mt. Hunger Road, on the hills around Butternut Basin and so on, most everywhere oak and chestnut grow.

There is a certain excitement in discovering these long abandoned pits. Actually the term charcoal pit is a misnomer, for it is really a flat, oval-shaped space, usually dug out or moulded into a hillside, about 30 feet in width at most, with a layer of remnant charcoal just beneath the leaf litter. Some of the fancier ones are even walled on the downslope side. It was important that these sites be flat, however hilly the land, so that the mound of stacked wood could burn in an even and controlled manner. Generally smaller vegetation grows within the charcoal site, large trees are as yet absent. One would suspect these thick charcoal deposits to have a succession of species over time. Undoubtedly someone has already or will someday write a doctoral thesis on "revegetation following coaling-off" or some such title. I have seen hemlock and red maple growing from some, but as mentioned, most sites are relatively bare and flat: a sign of charcoal making.

The other day I found a deep layer of charcoal pieces going well over a foot down, nuggets of black, and inert as this purified substance is, it is correspondingly long lasting. So these "raggies" — as they were known by some — of the last century have made lasting memorials to their work. To adapt the old to the new and so continue a hardy institution, someday I will dig up some bushel of coals and try roasting a chicken by the heat of the past, then report my results and start a business if there are buyers.

So on these South Berkshire hillsides, once upon a time, an observer could see plumes of smoke rising everywhere, the charcoal makers at work. The charcoal was used to fire local forges or blast furnaces, and also as fuel for lime kilns. I have read elsewhere that charcoal was used to clean teeth! Charcoal making was almost a year round job: felling the trees in the winter and "charring" the wood in the summer and spring. These men built their crude huts nearby, perhaps with two or three bunks and a stove. The fires needed constant watch and attention for about two weeks or more at a time. Putting together a mound of wood, cut and stacked properly, and covered up with leaves and dirt to effect smouldering, was an art. I leave it to the reader to refer to Eric Sloane's *A Reverence for Wood* to learn more graphic and colorful details including a sketch of the way wood is stacked and arranged to make a proper mound.

The preferred wood was hardwood, especially chestnut, hence throughout our upland woods we see old chestnut stumps, many about five or so inches in diameter, the best size for the purpose. One can imagine a kind of rough

chestnut culture on our hillsides, for chestnut is a prolific sprouter. Cut down one tree, and three or four more take hold as sprouts to become new a multistemmed chestnut tree. These multiple stumps are yet everywhere to be seen, for this is a durable wood indeed, still firm while other stumps have rotted away. Of course, the chestnut blight killed off all the mature chestnut trees about 70 years ago in our region. This species has now settled on a compromise and lives on as a shrub, usually growing no larger than a small tree before being nipped back, almost in the bud as it were, yet forever obstinate to send up more sprouts once again. This is a saga in itself, which could lead us astray from our topic.

If all went well, and the mound of wood "simmered" to charcoal rather than burned to ashes, then after cooling this charcoal would be hauled away by mule-drawn wagon to an ironworks or lime kiln and then stored in roofed-over stone walled bins. You may stretch forward your imagination to determine the route of these mule-carts when one finds the site deep in the woods on a steep hillside, now thick with larger trees and undergrowth, not to mention the rocks!

You soon realize that one had to really want to get that charcoal to the ironworks! Forests on the smoother terrain below had already been cleared for pasture, hayfield or ploughland.

Today, of course, coal and the Bessemer process have put an end to the ragged works and days of the charcoal makers, and in addition, our poor iron mines are all but forgotten and buried relics. But for those of us with regional roots or a desire for local history, telltale signs of times past bestir the imagination. Read Nathaniel Hawthorne's short story, "Ethan Brand," then find an old lime kiln or charcoal making site, and sit beside it on a moonlit night, and our powers of dream will surely return.

— Robert Rausch

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poem

Dowd Meadow

*This never happened before:
Visitors from outer space.
Two vultures, like great black turkeys
Tilted their glider wings, sailed down
From their effortless wheeling,
To land in Dowd Meadow
We interrupted their obsequies,
Afraid of what we would find.
There were the small bones, the colony
Of new insect life, that once was "our" muskrat,
Tracing silver lines across the still pond,
Down by Dowd Meadow.*

—David P. McAllester

Happy Birthday to Letitia Pearson Guden!

She will be 103 on August 15th — surely one of our oldest Montereyan! She came to Monterey in 1906 when her father, John Pearson, bought the Deacon Hale place on Art School Road, and she is currently a lively resident at Willowood.

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Little League News

This year it was Monterey's turn to host the annual All-Star Game for the Sheffield Kiwanis Little League. The all-stars played the league champion Sheffield Dodgers. Monterey Yankee all-stars were Mike Ohman, Mark Phillips and Kevin Touponce. Attendance was estimated to be 300. Refreshments were sold by our Girl Scout Troop.

At the end of August, we will play our annual Father/Son (or daughter) ball game followed by a picnic for our team and their parents.

— Katy Bradley

Community Potluck Dinner, Wednesday, August 27, 6:30 at the Church

Monterey Grange News

Monterey Grange No. 291 met July 16 for the Annual Youth Night. Youth from neighboring granges conducted the meeting and furnished the program with Susan Legeyt from Sheffield acting as Master. There was a very successful fund raiser for youth projects.

Pomona Deputy Alicia Brazie presented a 50-year pin to Brother Charles Slater and Deputy Peter Martin presented a 25-year pin to Sister Florence Brown. Other state dignitaries present were a member of the Assembly of Demeter, Constance West, Honorary Deputy Arthur Lyman and State Prince Paul Putnam. Plans were started for a food sale and white elephant table in August. The next meeting will be August 20 for an Agricultural Program in charge of Sister Ethel Warner and her Committee.

— Mary Wallace, Lecturer

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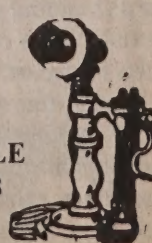
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The Old Monterey Library — A Tale Of Water And Fire

Outside the Lake Garfield Golf Club, formed in 1928, there was a caddy house which was moved up from the village where the present post office now stands. The building was used as the Monterey Free Library until a legacy was left to the Town of Monterey from an old town girl who was born and educated in our schools. This girl was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Tryon who were the owners and operators of Tryon's Hotel, the first building back of the Congregational Church on Tyringham Road. Tryon's daughter, Alice, married a Frank Conley and they built and operated Conley's Inn in Torrington, Conn. (later the Yankee Peddler Inn). In her will she left a sum of money to the Town of Monterey to be used for a library, and it was put into a Library Fund. With some of the fund and an appropriation approved by the annual town meeting, we were able to have a new public library.

(Once, when the Konkapot River flooded, the old library started to float downstream. It had to be anchored by a chain that went through those two windows you see in the photograph and around the nearest tree. The books were taken in a wagon and stored in a barn until the flood receded.)

The old library was moved to the land of the golf course — a large freezer was bought and the players could keep their beer cold, as well as have a nice fresh sandwich made by the counter girl who was Amy Enoe. The club had a big loss as the building caught fire and burned. From then on the club went downhill until they decided to sell the land and equipment to Donald Amstead. Donald made a ranch type house on the old cellar using the large stone fireplace and chimney. Soon he moved in a sawmill which was run by a large diesel engine, which made loud noises, not appreciated by the neighbors! The slabs started to pile up, so Don decided to burn them on the spot. This was good for some time, but late one evening the fire worked its way to the caddy house where Don kept his supplies and the caddy house as well as the mill went up in smoke.

The Monterey Dramatic Society was formed in the early 1900s to have a place to have plays as the trend seemed to turn in that direction. The young people had had several plays and a minstrel show in the schoolhouse hall. Someone at the time thought it would be a good idea to have a larger building and the Dramatic Society was started. Having plays from time to time put a few dollars in the treasury, and here is where the squabble began. Some wanted a large building of stone, others of wood, with a stage for concerts. Others objected to any dancing, and so on, until the idea fell apart.

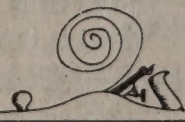
During the debate of years, sometime along the way, it was voted by the group to see if the old mill property could be bought from the Langdons. Bert Tryon, one of the members of the group was to get in touch with Robert Langdon, with whom he went to school in Monterey. Robert had moved to Hartford, Conn., where he and his family lived. Bert Tryon was successful in obtaining the price of the land. The group had a few dollars but not enough to pay in full.

At a meeting it was voted to buy, paying what they had in the treasury and taking a note at the bank for the balance. The note was signed by Bert Tryon, Fred Campbell and Harold Spangler. The Monterey Dramatic Society fell apart. Campbell and Spangler were not property owners in town and had moved away, leaving Bert Tryon to pay taxes and the interest on the note for several years. During the lapse of time, his sister left th legacy to the town. At a town meeting a motion was made to buy from the Monterey Dramatic Society the land and start to build a library. Another debate started concerning what the building should be called — Conley Library? (A good gesture for the remembrance of our native hometown girl.)

In front of the library is a very fine flagstaff given to the library by Mr. and Mrs. Harold Schwab. You will see the stars and stripes waving most every day, a symbol of love for our country. In front of the flag stands another stone with a bronze plaque given and erected by Lucy B. Eaton, a long time summer resident of Monterey. This stone was blasted out of the road this side of Don Amstead's house, and brought down the hill on a stone boat to its resting place.



— From "History Of Monterey" by Albert Wallace Tryon.
Photograph from the collection of Mr. Tryon.



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The Monterey Festival of the Arts — 1986

In Spain, it rains mainly on the plain, but in Monterey, it rains mostly on the Arts Festival!

Members and Associates of the Monterey Arts Council awakened Saturday morning, July 12, to the insistent ringing of their telephones and the dreaded drumming of steady, heavy rain on their roofs. The Monterey Festival of the Arts — '86, which had begun so well the previous evening with a spirited affair including an art exhibit, Elizabethan song and dance, an abundance of food and drink and no fewer than *four* string quartets, was again confronted by its arch nemesis — a Berkshire downpour!

The firehouse became our refuge. Dismayed but undaunted, we quickly transformed about half the space into a very square Globe, and in proper theatrical tradition, the show went on...and ON! Without the scheduled long intermission for food and beverage (which were up at Rockridge) which were now rescheduled for the end of the performances, our good and patient audience sat through about three hours of 17th century dance (or is it "daunce"?), song and drama! For all who felt this was a bit drawn out, we offer our most humble apologies and a promise that it will not happen again. But the performances were all excellent and so were the refreshments that followed at Rockridge.

So, while we did experience a proper manifestation of Murphy's Law, the Monterey Arts Council did achieve its intended purpose; it brought ART, in several of its many forms, to Monterey...and, provided an opportunity for those interested in THE ARTS and those who do it to get together...which is, as it is said, "the bottom line." All in all about three hundred individuals supported our efforts through the purchase of tickets and generous donations. Eleven players and musicians were provided with an opportunity to practice their craft. Sixteen young students musicians from Tanglewood Institute had an opportunity to perform before a very appreciative audience, and 37 artists, painters, printmakers, sculptors, photographers, potters, jewelers, etc. had a chance to display their work.

As you may expect, the Council has already begun discussing next year's event. We are looking for ways of maintaining the high level of excellence with regard to artistic content and presentation but with greater cost-control. We seek and welcome community advice and criticism in these matters. Our meetings, open by law to the general public, are held on the third Tuesday of every month at 8 p.m. in the town offices...unless otherwise posted on the door. And, we are still seeking new members and associate members, individuals who we could call upon for help and advice when we get to crunch-time.

A profound thanks to all of you who helped this time around.

— The Monterey Festival of the Arts Committee
— The Monterey Arts Council



Susan McAllister

Shakespearian Lovers: The Performance Ensemble at the Monterey Festival of the Arts.

TownScapes

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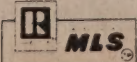
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Personal Notes

Hearty congratulations to Jeffrey Gauthier who was presented the Most Hustle Trophy at Mt. Everett's wrestling team banquet. Jeffrey graduated from Mt. Everett last month and plans to enter Chamberlayne Jr. College in Boston this fall to study electrical engineering. He is the son of Bob and Barbara Gauthier of Main Road. Good job, Jeff!

David and Judith Bach of Hupi Road recently enjoyed an interesting trip to Germany where Mr. Bach presented a week-long pschosynthesis seminar to German psychotherapists.

Richard and Judith Westenburg of Lake Garfield, recently sailed to England on the elegant Queen Elizabeth II which they report was a fantastic experience. Richard, a conductor, and Judith, an opera singer, gave lectures on the ship about music and their careers. They had a wonderful time in London, and visited Greenwich. Also of note, Richard's daughter, Kirsten is studying at Oxford this summer. She will return to Georgetown University this fall as a senior with a business major.

Natasha Grotz just returned from a two-week ski camp where she found skiing Oregon's tallest mountain, Mt. Hood, an absolutely thrilling experience. Natasha skis competitively in slalom and giant slalom in the Tri-State League and also for her school at the varsity level. She, of course, found skiing in summer, above the clouds, an experience akin to heaven. She is the daughter of Stefan Grotz and this correspondent of Main Road.

Lest it hasn't already been done, a hearty welcome to Monterey's newest resident, Julian Carlos Mendel. Mark and Tracy Mendel travelled to Chile to meet Julian, then five weeks old, and the new family enjoyed some travelling before returning home. Julian, born Jan. 13 of this year, is a beautiful and content little one, and seems to love Monterey a lot. Congratulations to the Mendels!

Hearty congratulations to Tammy Jervas who received a bachelor of science in business administration with a concentration in hotel and restaurant management, from Bryant College in Smithfield, Rhode Island. A dean's list student, Tammy won the Jeremiah Clark Barber award for excellence in her major, and was a four year member of the soccer and softball teams, serving as captain of both in her senior year. A 1982 graduate of Mt. Everett, Tammy is the daughter of Mickey Jervas of Swann Road. She is now working at Hotchkiss School in Lakeville.

Gale Forbes and Stephanie Grotz (that's me!) enjoyed a four-day jaunt to Norfolk, Va., where my brother lives, for a big family reunion. Enjoyed lots of fun and laughter, saw the tall ships on their way to N.Y. for the Fourth, and toured the aircraft carrier, "The Coral Sea." Downright fun it was!

Gabe and Ezra Small visited the southern coast of N.J. on Long Beach Island. The boys most enjoyed their nine-day visit with Steve's brother and sister-in-law and their children. Steve and Peggy, left behind without their children for a bit, most enjoyed their vacation too.

Nina Tryon is in Fairview Hospital resting after a series of small strokes.

Hans Kessler is at home and doing nicely after a long week at Berkshire Medical Center.

Ray Ward is recovering from surgery at Berkshire Medical Center and expects to be at home by the time this is in print.

Welcome back Ann McGinley! Ann, Monterey's Bonnie Prudden exercise instructor and myotherapist, has been working in a clinic on Cape Cod for the last few months, but she missed the Berkshires. We missed you too, Ann — glad you're back!

Congratulations to those Monterey students named to Mt. Everett Regional School's honor roll list for the fourth quarter. They are:

Grade 12, honors: Suzanne Parks, Stephen Phillips and Monika Pizzichemi.

Grade 11, honors: Michelle Grotz.

Grade 10, high honors: Janet Thieriot.

Grade 9, high honors: Shelley Loder.

Grade 8, high honors: Meghan Bradley, Natasha Grotz and Anne Makuc. Honors: Paul Bynack, Gabrielle Sherb and Patrick McBride.

Grade 7, high honors: William Thieriot. Honors: Brooke Loder and Jennifer Swan.

Several 8th grade Monterey students were honored at their Recognition Night at Mt. Everett. These students will be entering high school in the fall. Those who received special awards, alphabetically, are:

Paul Bynack: Mathematics award.

Meghan Bradley: Chorus Festival award.

Jenny Brown: Chorus Festival and Art awards.

Natasha Grotz: Presidential Achievement award, Highest Honors for Academic Averages, 94.25 (third in class), Excellence for High School Algebra and Computer Science.

Patrick McBride: Art, Health Education and Creative Writing awards;

Anne Makuc: Mathematics, Language Arts and Social Studies awards, Presidential Achievement award and Highest Honors for Academic Average, 95.75 (first in class).

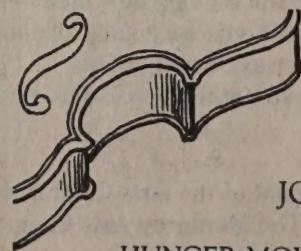
Rebecca Parks: Choral Festival.

Nancy Phillips: Choral Festival award.

Gabrielle Sherb: Spelling and Presidential Achievement. Hats off to all of you!

Please let me know of any little news you have. It's kind of fun! Deadline is the 15th of the month. You may contact me at home at 528-4519 or jot it down and leave it with me at the General Store. Thanks!

— Stephanie Grotz



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Park Commission Patter

The following is a letter our committee received. We just had to share it.

"Good things have been happening at our Town Beach lately. It has never looked lovelier, or more carefully maintained. The olive border is now lush (and trimmed), the split rail fence is an attractive safety feature and the new float is both a pleasant focus for the eye and a relaxing spot for watching boatsmen and sandcastle builders. I've thoroughly enjoyed the trip out and back.

"I am sure the Committee has given considerable thought and energy toward achieving these improvements and I think you deserve applause and real thanks. You certainly have mine.

*Appreciatively,
Colta Ives"*

REMEMBER SWIMMING CLASSES!!!!!! AUGUST 4TH!!!!

Register with slips from either store in town. Turn them in at the Monterey General Store with 60 cents.

ELEMENTARY CLASSES start Aug. 4 and end on Aug. 15.

Swimmers at 9:30 a.m.

Advanced Beginners at 11 a.m.

Intermediates at 10 a.m.

Beginners at 11:30 a.m.

Children must be 5 years old.

Three and four year-olds will meet at 10:30 a.m. starting Aug. 18 for five days. If you are unable to register, feel free to come to the beach on the first day.

We are hoping to have 100 percent attendance of Monterey children; the lessons are of real importance to safety and expertise.

Our present keepers of the beach are: Bob Gauthier, our very effective Parking Attendant; Jeff Gauthier, our week-day Life Guard. Don Whitbeck is Life Guard on weekends with assistant, Doug Brown. The last of August may find us needing replacements here and there. If you could help — let us know!

The docks were removed, and I think everyone was shocked at the change — for the better. Many have commented favorably, and are enjoying the (finally acceptable) raft. The fence is adding to the beauty as well as the safety and control. Dick Sheridan and Glenn Amstead did a fine, back-breaking job. Roger Tryon trimmed the olive bushes. We now own our own very fine aluminum boat acquired from Tim Burke. It is all outfitted and in use patrolling..

Our new signs were made by Bob Davidson, who used to play Little League in Monterey years ago. Fine job!

Also we supplied the portable 'john' for Bob Gauthier's road race in the pouring rain the Saturday it was held.

At Greene Park, Steve Small and Dek Tillet made the new sandbox filled with sand delivered by the Town Crew. Thanks guys — and it is in use constantly!!!

ONE MORE TIME!!! We are going to ask you once more to reply about tennis courts. Please take the time to respond. We are most encouraged with the interest that seems to say — "Let's get going!" The Lake Garfield Association at their last meeting voted to go on record as interested in the construction of tennis courts, unanimously. We would like to have a larger number of responses.

Lake Garfield Association

The Lake Garfield Association will meet Aug. 30 at 10 a.m. at the Dam, which is off Beartown Road. There still seem to be folks who haven't been to that beautiful spot. Just drive north on Tyringham Road from town, turn left on Beartown and you are there in about one quarter of a mile — with the dam on the right! You might bring a pillow or a chair so you may sit comfortably throughout the meeting as there are no seats available. Everyone is welcome.

— Fran Amidon



Susan McAllester

Veteran Youth Editor Retires

Katy Bradley's name appears on our masthead as Youth Editor for the last time in this issue. From the time she was in the eighth grade, she has reported Monterey's youth activities, having taken over from her brother, Kevin, when he went off to college.

Katy will be leaving Monterey in September to attend Salve Regina College in Newport, R.I. We will miss her faithful reporting and our thanks are all the more heartfelt in view of the fact that she was travelling to Pittsfield every day all through her high school years. It meant much extra work for her to keep herself, and us, in touch with all the various young people's doings.

Misplaced Morality: Two Tales

MONTEREY — There is a legend in North Wales which explains the meaning of a small, picturesque mountain town called Beddgelert. (In Welsh, the double "d" is pronounced "th" and the double "l" in a way I can't tell you via the written word. Ask a friend named Lloyd. It's a bit like "tl" or "hl".)

Once, long ago when wolves roamed the mountains looking for babies to devour, when men were men and dogs were dogs and there weren't any women, there lived a manly man and his baby and his dogly dog in a stone castle with no doors in a town with no name. Outside, the countryside was crawling with wolves.

On a fine summer day about like today, the man decided to go to town and do a few errands. The traffic would be bad, he knew, but he had to get his sword sharpened and pick up dog food. He decided to leave the baby at home (foolish manly man!) and he said to his faithful dog, whose name was Beddgelert, "Beddgelert, I am going to town. You stay here and guard the baby." Beddgelert whined and grinned and wagged his dogly tail. He hated to be left behind. The man had all the fun, and the baby always screamed after a few hours when it got hungry.

Sure enough, several hours later when the man arrived home with the dog food and the nice sharp sword, the baby was howling. The man had had a hot day of shopping and he had to exercise himself some to paste on a smile for cajoling the baby. Smile affixed, he strode through the doorless doorway.

Horrors! There lay the screaming baby in a pool of blood on the floor, the cradle capsized and the little baby clothes all torn by dogly teeth.

"Beddgelert!" shrieked the man. And the dog, also covered with blood, slunk toward him from a corner, guilt written all over his grin.

I have jollied up this story a bit for you, unsuspecting and vulnerable readers, because what happens next is serious and shocking and I don't want you to take it too hard. Remember, it's only a dog and only a legend.

The man cursed the dog, the baby, and the traffic, drew his sword and whacked off the head of his smirking dog. Anyone would have done the same. Then, as he stooped to pick up the baby, he looked around the room, and what did he see? Seven wolves! All dead, all killed by poor Beddgelert, defending the damn baby.

That's the end of the first story. The man and the baby ate the dog food and named the town after the dog and everybody felt awful, just as you feel now. I should add that I first heard this story in 1969 when I was a student in North Wales. Four years later I went back as a tourist and read the Tourist's Guide to North Wales which gives the Beddgelert legend but also reveals that it is a story invented by the Beddgelert Chamber of Commerce to sell more post cards and dogly t-shirts. So don't feel too sad.

The second story, I promise you, really did happen right here in Monterey last week. There will be no t-shirts.



One day as I cruised by the chicken yard I noticed two hens, chasing each other around, arguing over a dirty, limp object. Curiosity carried me into the barren, muddy chicken yard and I was saddened to discover the chickens partying over a dead baby bird. It was probably a thrush of some kind, though by the time I got hold of it, it was hard to identify. I found a second one, too, under some tall hemlocks in the chicken yard, and I removed it with person-ly pangs of morality on the subject of cannibalism. (One winter our chickens had aroused these same pangs in me by pecking holes in each other's backs, which I treated with messy purple medicine. They got over it.)

The next day I went out to get the eggs, walked through the doorway which had a door, and found a dead chicken on the floor with several bloody, smirking hens nearby pretending innocent horror.

I don't always carry my sword, so I didn't wreak instant moral gratification on the other 24 chickens. I removed the pecked-up body and I hoped it wouldn't happen again. Times have changed since ancient Wales.

Naturally, it did happen again. We held a farm conference, a quick trial by circumstantial evidence, and sharpened our sword. That first day of righteous slaughter we were only able to catch seven of the conspirators, but the next day we did in eight more, including La Russe, our beloved old melodious rooster. I'm going to pour it on a little thick here: when I grabbed La Russe in the hen house, I saw his face and beak were especially bloody. I was truly shocked — he had always been so gentle. Ah well, I thought, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. La Russe. After I'd whacked off his head I looked a little more closely and suddenly I knew just how the man must have felt when he saw the seven wolves. La Russe was injured! His comb had been cut and had bled down his face.

You know what happened next. Someone in my women's group made the brilliant suggestion that there might be a varmint entering the hen house and why didn't we close the door at night. I ran for the phone. It was 9 p.m. and Joe went out to close the little hen house door to the yard, but already there were five hens left instead of six. The sixth was cold and still in the barren yard where Mr. Raccoon had dropped her in his hasty flight.

That's nearly the end of the story. I borrowed a box trap, caught the raccoon, lost him, caught a little skunk, released him, finally caught the chicken-fed raccoon and took him for a midnight ride. We have five heavily traumatized hens and we are in conference now with the Monterey Chamber of Commerce to rename the town "La Russe and 15 Innocent Hens," but people are just laughing at us. Is there a moral to these stories? Yes, that's just the problem, there is and there should not be, unless it is: Remove those shades of morality and take a better look.

— Bonner McAllester



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—DAVID BALCH

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Beatrice T. Fenn

Beatrice T. Fenn died at her home June 24th at the age of 72. She was born in Southfield, Jan. 15, 1914, attended the New Marlborough schools and graduated in 1932 from the former Northfield School for Girls. She worked for 28 years for the ABC Leisure Magazines, Inc., of Great Barrington; she retired in 1981. She leaves her husband of 48 years, Sheldon E. Fenn. Contributions to her memory may be made to the Beatrice Terry Fenn Memorial Scholarship Fund at the Mt. Everett Regional School.

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Indian Notes: A Dutch Record From 1644 Part III

They generally live without marriage; but if any of them have wives, the marriage continues no longer than they think proper, and then they separate, and each takes another partner. I had seen those who had parted, and afterwards lived a long time with others, seek their former partners and again be one pair...

The women, when they have delivered, go about immediately afterwards, and be it ever so cold it makes no difference, they wash themselves and the young child in the river or the snow. They will not lie down (for they say if they did they should soon die), but keep going about. They are obliged to cut wood, to travel three or four miles with their child in a wood; they go, they stand, they work, as if they had not lain in, and we cannot see that they suffer any injury by it; and we sometimes try to persuade our wives to lay-in so, and that the way of laying-in in Holland is a mere fiddle-faddle.

The men have great authority over their concubines, so that if they do anything which affronts them and raises their passion, they take an axe and knock her in the head, and there is the end of it. The women are obliged to prepare the land, to mow, to plant, and do everything; the men do nothing, except hunting and fishing and going to war against their enemies...

Though they are so very cruel to their enemies, they are very friendly to us, and we have no dread of them. We go with them into the woods; we meet with each other, sometimes at an hour or two's walk from any houses, and think no more about it than if we met with a Christian. They sleep by us, too, in our chambers before our beds. I have had eight at once who laid and slept on the floor near my bed, for it is their custom to sleep only on bare ground, and to have only a stone or a bit of wood under their heads. In the evening, they go to bed very soon after they have supped; but they rise early in the morning, and are up before day begins to break.

They make their houses of the bark of trees, very close and warm, and kindle their fires in the middle of them. They also make of the peeling and bark of trees, canoes or small boats, which will carry four, five and six persons. In like manner they hollow out trees, and use them for boats, some of which are very large. I have several times sat and sailed with 10, 12 and 14 persons in one of these hollowed logs. We have in our colony a wooden canoe obtained from the Indians which will easily carry 200 schepels (600 pecks) of wheat.

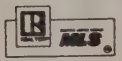
Their money consists of certain little bones, made of the shells of cockles, which are found on the sea-beach; a hole is drilled through the middle of the little bones, and these they string upon thread, or they make of them belts as broad as a hand, or broader, which they hang on their necks, or around their bodies; they have also several holes in their ears, and there they likewise hang some.

They value these little bones as highly as many Christians do gold, silver, and pearls; but they have no idea of our money, and esteem it no better than Iron. I once showed one of their chiefs a rix-dollar; he asked how much it was worth among the Christians; and when I told him, he laughed exceedingly at us, saying we were fools to value a piece of iron so highly; and if he had such money he would throw it in the river.

— David P. McAllester



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The Preservation Of Lake Garfield

Lake Garfield, like all lakes, is subject to eutrophication, which means growth of weeds and algae. Unwanted aquatic growth is encouraged by the flow of nutrients into the lake from streams, runoff from hillsides and roads, septic systems, erosion of banks (shoreline), leaves falling from lakeside trees, etc.

Although not as badly eutrophied as many lakes in Massachusetts, Garfield is far from perfect. In fact, it is rated 9 on the state's Dept. of Environmental Quality Control's scale of 1 — 17 (1 equals the best, 17 equals the worst). So we are obviously in the danger zone, on the borderline of serious eutrophication. By comparison, Lake Buel is rated 10 or 11.

When lakes become choked with weeds, lily pads, algae, etc., enjoyment and property values drop. It is clearly in our own best interest to do everything possible to preserve our lake from deterioration and to try to keep it as free as possible from the nutrients which cause eutrophication.

Here are some suggestions:

1. Never fertilize lawns near the lake.
2. Do not plant deciduous trees along the lakefront, and cut down trees that you don't really want for privacy. They drop leaves into the lake, providing a rich source of plant nutrition.
3. Use your dishwasher as infrequently as possible. ALL dishwasher detergents (Cascade, Electrasol, etc.) contain large amounts of phosphates, the major aquatic plant nutrient. Wash your dishes by hand (it's not so hard!) because detergents like Joy or Octagon or Palmolive for washing dishes by hand are completely phosphate-free.
4. Use liquids instead of powdered detergents for laundry. While some powdered detergents are low in phosphates, liquid detergents (Wisk, Dynamo, Tide, Price Chopper, etc.) have none.
5. Do not feed the geese (cute as they are).
6. Have your septic system pumped out (or at least checked) from time to time to prevent possible leaching into the lake.
7. One of the most detrimental contributing factors to deterioration of the lake is the construction of roads, driveways and buildings on steep slopes near the lake. Even the construction of large docks can cause erosion and runoff. Any construction near the lake requires prior approval from the town's Conservation Commission.

Lake Garfield is a priceless natural resource. It would be irresponsible, to say the least, to contribute to its deterioration. It will also be expensive if we allow Lake Garfield to reach the eutrophied condition of, say, Lake Pontoosuc in Pittsfield where they have just spent some \$600,000 to attempt remedies.

— Dean A. Allen

TO THE EDITOR:

It was a fine, super-fine occasion the recent birthday party of Nina and Wallace Tryon, particularly for a Monterey native of a little more than the day before yesterday.

Somehow, in the process of miscellaneous visiting, the small contribution I made to your paper of several years ago came up a time or two, and for the benefit of those who asked but couldn't quite place it, I am enclosing a "1986" edition.

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The Shoot-Up That Never Happened

A couple of years after my family moved to Pittsfield, I became acquainted with another chap who had a pony of his own.

Sometimes my good dad would rent one for me, and it wasn't long before, influenced by such silent movies as those of William S. Hart, Tom Mix and Hoot Gibson, we were rabid would-be cowboys with repeating cap pistols (easy to get in the early '20s) and anything else we could dress up in.

During the summer vacation, we thought a camping trip to Monterey would be nice, and it was no trouble at all to secure permission from a resident of the New Marlborough Road to camp out.

Our intention was to ride down so as to reach the hilltop where the firehouse is now, at about dusk, then gallop ki-yi-fashion through the center, and "shoot up the town" in real western style.

Street lighting was minimal then, and we figured to be well along the New Marlborough Road to our destination before anyone could investigate.

Why, then, did it never happen? Simple.

A day or two before we were to leave, my parents heard me trying to call a boy in Monterey, quite a horseman himself, to make a threesome for the occasion.

This was enough to cancel the whole trip, hence, the "Shoot-up That Never Happened."

I've been told by some upper middle-agers who recall the Monterey of that era, that likely the stunt would have attracted a little attention.

Dwight P. Campbell
North Egremont



Bravo at Monterey Community Dinner last year.

Donald B. Victor

Bravo For The Performing Arts

What do you do with a theater-struck child? What if a child of yours lived, breathed and dreamed theater and was convinced that no other life and occupation would have savor? Do they have to find out the hard way about the unremitting labor, the sacrifice, the compromises, the disappointments? Most residents of Monterey do not know there is a delightful alternative to this grim school of dreadful hard knocks right here in town on the shore of Lake Buel.

Bravo for the Performing Arts is a summer camp of the theater situated on 140 acres of Berkshire woods and fields formerly used by Deerwood Athletic Camp. Owned and directed by Jackie Ferber with many years of experience with young people and in the performing arts, Bravo is a summer offshoot of the Bravo Winter Workshop in New York. Jesse Cline, actor and director and veteran of innumerable tours in musical theater is Executive Director of the Winter Workshop and Artistic Director of our own local Bravo. The camp has a large staff of theater, dance and sports experts and a complement of 80-90 young people between the ages of 10 and 18. They come mostly from the east coast but include youngsters from as far east as Berlin and as far west as California and Hawaii.

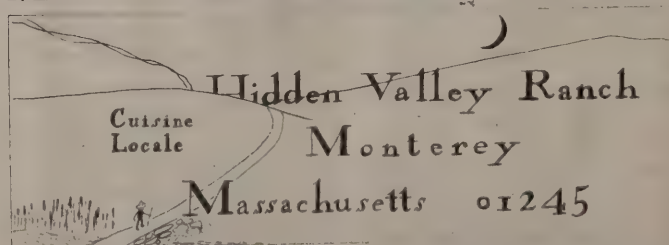
The ethos of the camp is work and more work. There are 12 workshops in theater, nine in dance, and five in sports. At any given moment there are three different rehearsals going on and every camper is in a fullscale production every two weeks. They have performed in Monterey at three of our community dinners and those of us who were privileged to see them have marvelled at their timing, their perfect mastery of lines and music and the moving results of their dedication to the art of theatrical expression.

Coming productions at the camp are "Pippin", Aug. 2 eve., Aug. 3 mat.; "Grease", Aug. 9 eve., Aug. 10 mat.; "The Miracle Worker", Aug. 8 mat., Aug. 9 eve.; "Annie", Aug. 8 eve., Aug. 9 mat.; "Staff Shenanigans", Aug. 16; "Hair", presented by a New York professional company, Aug. 22, eve.; "Hair", presented by Bravo, Aug. 23 mat.; "The Odd Couple", Aug. 23 11 a.m. and the grande finale, "Joseph And His Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat", Aug. 23, 8:30 p.m. Regular evenings are at 8 p.m. and matinees at 2:30 p.m.

Monterey residents are invited to come over and see rehearsals free of charge and are urged to attend regular performances at \$3 (\$2 for seniors). For information and reservations call 528-0293. Bravo has been disappointed to see their fellow Montereyans only at Community suppers. This reporter promises you will see memorable musical theater with that special verve contributed by the young to something they care about deeply.

— David P. McAllester

MICHELE MILLER

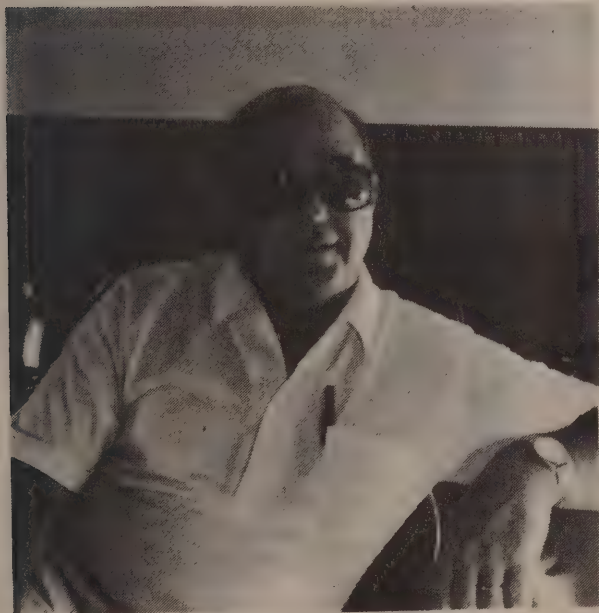


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The Night Skies

Mars will be the evening star in the east all month, and Venus will appear equally large in the west, as they have in July. Venus will have a brief flirtation with the young moon Aug. 8-9, but then the moon is off to visit Spica on the 10th, Antares on the 13th and 14th; Mars, the 15th and 16th and finally, when full, Jupiter, in the east, on the evenings of the 19th - 21st. On the evenings of the 30th and 31st, Venus and Spica will appear as almost one star, only half a degree apart.

Spica, means "Ear of Wheat." It is the brightest star in Virgo and the Romans and subsequent European astronomers called it the ear of wheat in the hand of Ceres and later, the Virgin. The Hindus called it Citra, "Bright," and thought of it as a lamp or a pearl with Tvashtar, the Artificer, or Shaper, as its presiding deity. The Chinese called it Kio, the Horn or Spike, the special star of springtime.



Susan McAllester

Nicholas Wool, Chair of the
Finance Committee

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J. Weinstein

News About The News

Readers of *The Monterey News* might be interested to know who their co-readers are. One-thousand and thirty people have requested that we mail copies to them. Nearly 400 of these are in Monterey and nearby towns. In addition, we put out 200 copies of the July issue to be picked up by anyone who came along at Milly's, The New Spirit Book Store, The General Store and Roadside. From the speed with which these disappeared we judge we must put out a good many more to be distributed in this way, especially during the summer.

Sixty more copies are mailed to central and eastern Massachusetts. One-hundred and seventy-five go to NYC and 65 to other parts of the state. New Jersey gets 46; Connecticut, 73; Florida, 24; California, 23; Pennsylvania, 8 and Virginia, 7. Twenty-six other states get from one to four copies and four more go to Japan, Switzerland and Mexico.

The appeal for back issues

Many of the gaps in *The Monterey News* file have been filled, thanks to the generous response of Maureen Bradley, Susan McAllester and especially, Sue McIver, who had carefully preserved a run containing most of the early issues going back to the very first one in March 1970!

We still need a few copies of May-1986, March-1977, November-1973, Sept. and Dec.-1971 and Aug., Sept. and Oct.-1970. However, it seems pretty likely that the missing issues in '70 and '71 never did appear. The value of this record of more than 16 years in the life of our town is apparent with the first glance at any of the past issues. We are now assembling duplicate copies to fill out the incomplete run at the Monterey Library.

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New Pre-School Format

GREAT BARRINGTON — The Children's Health Program pre-school format will change this fall, according to Executive Director, Linda Small. Ms. Small explained that the pre-schools in Monterey and Sandisfield had met two days a week for two hours each day at the Monterey Kindergarten and the Sandisfield Community Center for the past two years.

"In order for pre-schools to remain affordable, we cannot meet the Office for Children regulations for pre-schools; the new format will provide affordable pre-school experiences for children and meet the Office for Children regulations," said Small.

She said that the plan will allow children, aged 3 and 4, to meet with the pre-school teacher one day a week at the centers mentioned above, and spend one or two days in addition in a family day care setting with three or four children.

Ms. Small is interested in talking with mothers who would like to use the service or would like to be part of the program. She said that CHP would provide training for the family day care mothers in the fall.

The training would concentrate on educational curriculum for three and four year old children, to be followed at the pre-school center and in the day care homes. CHP will pay \$5 an hour to the daycare mothers for the educational pre-school program.

Catherine Rodgers and Nina Brown will continue as pre-school teachers. For more information, one may contact Ms. Small or Ms. Rogers or Ms. Brown.

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TO THE EDITOR:

Much has been said and written about "a rural character," but very little has been stated about what makes our Berkshire rural character so very different from other rural areas.

To begin with, the Berkshires, since Hawthornes's time, have been a haven for creative spirits.

At least until recently this unique blend of creativity and natural beauty has attracted those individuals who are drawn to this special flavor rather than being motivated by the investment in real-estate. Yet there remains a happy marriage between the world of commerce and the world of the arts. And in our villages there still exists a degree of serenity which, in itself, makes them a treasure in an otherwise tense and anxiety-ridden society.

Thus the beauty, be it in nature or the arts, that we have here, ennobles our life-experiences, constantly regenerating our inner resources. As we all know, these precious intangibles cannot be bought and they ought not to be sold now! But admittedly we cannot be frozen into the past nor even the present. However, this very real danger must make us aware that only strictly "controlled growth" can preserve what actually nurtures our spiritual well-being.

Therefore, we must not indulge in a defeatist attitude, namely that real estate developers will eventually move in anyway. The old saying: "Where there is a will there is a way," is as valid today as it ever was. When we worked for the establishment of the Southern Berkshire Regional School District, we were told that in Massachusetts there were no rules and regulations in existence for a district K — 12. But after years of hard work, SBRSD became the first such district in the Commonwealth.

And when the well-funded DPW put heavy pressure on us that we "must" get a multi-million dollar by-pass around Monterey, we were told, by the defeatists, that "you can't fight city-hall." We went to work again and opposed the powers that be and we won again.

Recognizing the present danger to our town, according to the *Berkshire Eagle*, the strictest development guide-lines have been established in Alford, Tyringham, Stockbridge and Richmond. In the latter, no multi-family housing is allowed. Because Richmond requires very sophisticated road-construction, road building is very high (in cost). Also all new utility lines in Richmond must be placed underground. State's Planning Board Chairman Jerry Mooray said, "The planning board wants to see open space maintained and is not in favor of large scale subdivisions. We are really interested in maintaining the present rural character of the town."

James Bollini and Lorraine Bourrassa, both of Evergreen Real Estate and citizens of Richmond, fully agree with their planning board's philosophy. Bollini pointed out that for instance a 200 acre parcel would need a sub-division road construction that alone would cost \$500,000. Adds Chairman Mooray, "I think the theory that large scale development increases revenues has been proven a fallacy. The

taxpayers don't buy that concept anymore." Wisely the advisory committee to our planning board has stated that, "Monterey is in grave and immediate danger."

All of us need to heed this warning and act accordingly in order to protect all of us who have a deep affection for this community. With our commitment to human well-being and "the forces of the market place," being solely dedicated to maximizing their profits, I firmly believe that our cause will prevail.

—Fred Lancome



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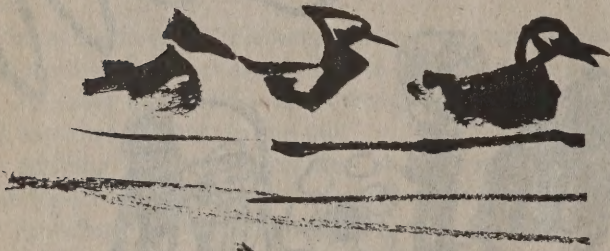
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FROM THE TOWN CLERK'S OFFICE

Sue MacIver needs more Tellers and Counters to help at town meetings in which there is a ballot vote. Tellers sit at the tables winging the ballot booths and check voters in and out. Counters help count votes afterwards. Salaries approximate the minimum wage. Call Sue at 528-1258 if you can help out.

Dog licenses should have been purchased by the end of April '86. The Dog Warden will be after you if you own an unlicensed dog. Better call Sue and get your tags.

Antler-less deer permits are in and available at the Town Clerk's office.



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CONTRA AND SQUARE DANCE SCHEDULE
FOR THE MONTH OF AUGUST

Saturday, AUGUST 9, Square and Contra Dance, New England-style, at the Sheffield Grange, Route 7, Sheffield. 8:30 — 11:30 p.m. Beginners and children welcome. All dances taught by caller Joe Baker, music by Mountain Laurel. Refreshments served. Adults, \$3.50, children \$1 to dance until intermission. Information: 413-528-9385 or 518-329-7578.

Saturday, AUGUST 23, Square and Contra Dance, New England-style, at the Sheffield Grange, Route 7, Sheffield. 8:30 — 11:30 p.m. This program is for people who have done it before. All dances taught by caller Joe Baker, music by Mountain Laurel. Refreshments served. Admission: \$3.50. Information: 413-528-9385 or 518-329-7578.

CORRECTION

Apologies to Roger Tryon, who, by some squiggle of the pen or shimmy of the typeset machine, got called "Roger Flynn" in the June issue's account of elected officials. Anyway, the Tree Warden for one year, was and still is, Roger Tryon.

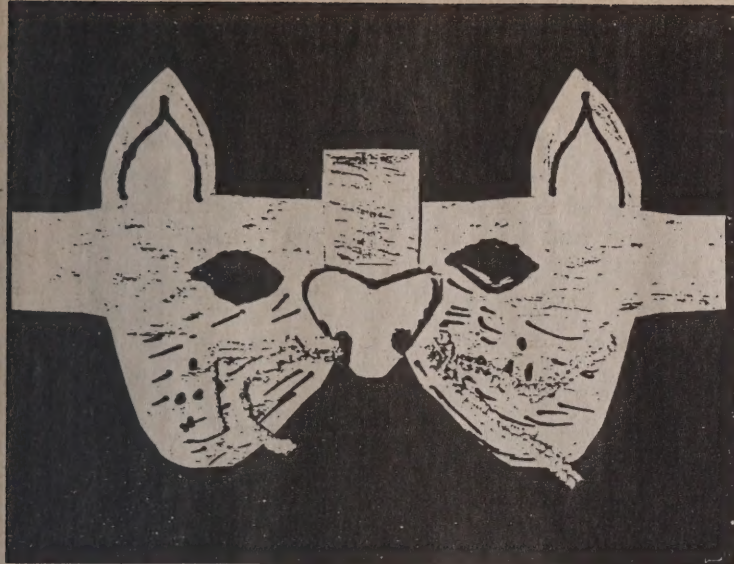
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M/M Curtis F. Paine "Don't let the print get too small!"

Richard and Martha Race

Richard H. Schroeder, Jr. "Keep up the good work!"

Evalyn Stafford "It's a remarkable paper — very good.

Am very impressed by your new Editor, David McAllester."

Ellen R. Kinne

Richard and Barbara Tryon

Elliot and Renée Gail Kotler

Bob and Jane Volckhausen "Informative, inspiring and a unique community builder!"

Sylvia Kleban "Monterey News reflects the real Monterey — keep it that way!"

Donna M. Brallier "Enjoy catching up on what's happening in Monterey!"

Monterey Police Fund, D.H. Lyman, Chief

Thomas G. Yohe

Susan and Seldon Whitaker

Owen and Bebe Bernstein

George I. Kisselbrock, Sr.

Jerome and Nell Seitz "So glad to get news from my favorite place. Spent all my boyhood days during the summer in Monterey, as you will read.

Carolee Jervas

Bruce Kaminstein and Judy Gorelick

Paul and Shirley Heller

Margaret McMillan

Edward and Carolyn O'Malley "Congratulations on your continued effort to inform and join the Monterey community. Keep up the good work!"

Ellen Pearson "Great mag! What a versatile and creative succession of editors you've had! KUTGW!"

Eugene and Margaret Ormandy "I always enjoy reading the paper."

Alan and Erma Kranz "We really enjoy reading the paper"

Marian and David McClelland "We think it's wonderful.

Can we be on the mailing list?"

Aurelius and Regina Heath "Enjoy it very much!"

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice A. Wolpert "The month is not complete without the News—the summer is not complete without Monterey..."

Ulrich B. Wolff

Hugo and Alice DeMartino "We always enjoy the Monterey News"

Marilyn Newmark

Angie Sherrard

Murray and Jeanne Bodin "Looking forward to the sun, the trees and the lake!"

M. Kirven Marchman

Roberta C. Kirven

Joan W. Reed

Elizabeth H. Simons "David McAllester's article is especially appropriate considering Albany's 300th anniversary. Cheers for the Gould Farm Cleaner-Uppers! I like Lucie L.'s article on saving the small towns."

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Susan McAllester

Glenn Heller discusses with Tillie Westberg Nightengale the leaflets he distributed before Town Meeting, expressing his opposition to the override and his concern about road funding.

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